The Earth's a Little Lighter

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The Earth’s a Little Lighter

Florence Behn 1894–1984

what shall we do
with the ashes says my father

what shall we do with the part of her
that mattered that unburnable

mother-thing the air won’t swallow back
what if it’s the soul

or is the soul the space
of air she once displaced

It’s for him to decide
—but—

what if we brushed her
over him lovingly

he’d look like he’s standing in the rain that rains
just after the end of the world

If she were my mother
I’d want to add a little water

offer her small planet
back to the sky

and I’d want the stars to know her
as she went on her way